



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

Unleashed.

› Record Label Murder

[Paris:]

Now what would you do, if I blast
All up in yo' sh*t, motherf**k the whole staff
N***as know I flow, nine millimeter sh*tin slugs
I'm seein bloody bodies on the motherf**kin rug
Six o'clock be the time if it's on let it be
You see it in my eyes, ridin through, hella deep
See, b*t*h you ain't gon' do me like you did Da Lench Mob
I'm decorated in this game, I played too motherf**kin long
Now - I ain't gotta name nobody name
All I'm knowin is the whole f**kin roster is complainin
Talkin bout these white boys tryin to do promotion
And white b*t*hes tryin to get f**ked by these soldiers
Talkin with that slang like you down but now hold on
See now that's enough to get yo' devil-a** stole on
F**kin with the wrong n***a, playin with my cash
I'm known for puttin devils on they motherf**kin back
Blast through the front do', what the f**k I'm 'posed to talk?
F**k court, I'll be a dead n***a 'fore you walk
Brownout at nine, had no motherf**kin mercy
So who the sexy n***a, b*t*h record label murder

[Chorus:]

(N***a label murder) Now we fin' to start some sh*t
(That n***a fin' to start) Motherf**kers shoulda quit
(Better have a n***a money) Out for each and every dime
Seem like everytime I turn around
Some janky motherf**ker tryin to take what's mine
(N***a label murder) Got the whole f**kin click
(That n***a fin' to start) Now we fin' to start some sh*t
(Better have a n***a money) Got these n***as out the zoo for the job
Bow down, motherf**ker you can die when we start robbin

[Paris:]

So many times I seen these n***as f**ked up out they chips
'Cause they didn't know the game, only makin 10 percent
Dealin with these f**kin jews, now you losin everytime
How many platinum n***as standin in the county line
Make you wanna get your brick and snatch his a** up out the car
Baby renegotiate, f**kin with them Scars
Now you askin who I'm talkin bout, homey you can pick

This whole industry got n***a sh*t on whitey d**k
And then since I'm a soldier known to speak my f**kin mind
I'ma put you up on game, everytime I start to rhyme
F**k that devil get yo' own man, learn about some sh*t
Or be another broke n***a, tellin what he did
And now I think you know, that I really gives a F**K
Fear no evil 'cause I'm God, let that devil try his luck
Last man standin up, for the truth, say you heard it
These players gettin played homey, record label murder

[Chorus]

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

The year was 1995, another day, another dollar
Bein' up in this game make a brother wanna holla
Welcome to the school of dirty licks and tricky deals
A fair weather friend's and homies that you thought was real
Seen them come, seen them go, seen them down, I seen them out
I seen them on my team until I seen what they about
Funny how they wanna smile, spark them up and say they true
But all the time, these n***as take my kindness for a fool
And I ain't gotta name all these playa-hatin' traitors
Even with the Gemini, motherf***ers couldn't fade us
I made a little song about these jealous-a** counterfeits
Down what it is as long as you pullin' in the grip, sh*t
This is how I do it when I call 'em out
Straight G game comin' from that n***a with the clout
See I'm out to be real straight homie to the end
I'm thorough as they come, f**k a fair weather friend
F**k a fair weather friend

[Hook]

They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers
They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers

[Verse 2]

And now I take a look around and see how many of them left
Everytime I turn around, my name on somebody breath
Guess it's part of this game, everybody think it's tight
Got me thinkin' out of mind mean a n***a out of sight
Funny how the friendship slip when the man's out
But I remember back when them n***as had they hands out
Beggin' like a b*t*h, can't straight on me
But now I'm scratching n***as off my nuts like fleas
And this one's for them b*t*hes and them fake-a** friends
Peep game, 'cause success is the best revenge
Gotta stay on point, put it down and make a meal

And even though they phony, I'ma still stay real
See I got much love for the ones that's forever true
But n***a if you fake, you can juggle on these nuts, too
I never be a traitor 'cause I'm real to the end
I'm solid as they come, f**k a fair weather friend
For real

[Hook]

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All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers
They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers
They smilin' in your face
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The backstabbers, backstabbers
They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers
They smilin' in your face

[Verse 3]

Yup, true

And all the time they was wishin' they was you
Ain't enough to see a young brother make it on his own
I'm sick from the smell of the jealousy cologne
You see it in my eyes, I'ma be forever true
As long as you be real, I'ma keep it real with you
See I'll always be your road dog homie to the end
I'm thorough as they come, f**k a fair weather friend
And it's like that

[Hook]

They smilin' in your face
Backstabbers
They smilin' in your face
Backstabbers

[Hook]

They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers

They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers
They smile in your face

Here we go here we go it's another one of them things
N***as better recognize that I'm wise and I'm fin
To make it known that I'm still, the one to call
Each and every one of y'all out, let's see who's real
And who's fake when it come to the funk
I'mma bring it to y'all live and direct, and straight bumpin
I knew you was a b*t*h from the first take
No eye contact with the handshake
Couldn't relates to where I'm comin from, when I came through
With the truth, broken down on the first two
When I first asked the question if you was down
How many punk a** n***as do I gotta clown?
With they a** to the sky, gettin stuck by
The devil in drag, let's see who play the fag
Will you wannabe G's please have a seat
Here we go again, n***a please!
Yeah it's all a part of growin up is what my momma told me
How many trick a** n***as wanna try and mow me?
I guess I gotta be the one to buck
Put your house n***a a** in the dirt and won't give a (f**k)
Like I said, you're better off dead that you would be
If you try to do me, I'm looney, so sue me
Next time I rain on your world with the truth
A solider ain't nothin to fool with

"You can't see what I can see!" You.. can't see what I can see
"You can't see what I can see!" But you don't ever
"You can't see what I can see!" You can't see what I can see!
"You can't see what I can see!" Whoahaoaha-ahhhh!
One two three, it's the G-U-E
Double-R, I, double-L, A, yellin mayday
Weeble with a street sweeper lookin for the beast
Had me thinkin that I'm less than a man and incomplete
Yo, and ever since I first started rhyming
You motherfu*kers wanna keep me down but I'm still climbin
You know I stay real to the end
Still fifteen deep on two freaks, I go tell a friend
I look around and all I see is these trick a** copycats
With they played out beats and they fake raps
And now I can't call it, it seem

Everybody wanna be a dopehead or an alcoholic
So what you wanna do? N***a do you wanna be
A strong black man or another fool?
Cause I'm comin full grown, and b*t*h
You can take that wannabe G (sh*t) back home
Understand that it's on, like I told ya
Foolin with a street soldier

"You can't see what I can see!" But you don't ever

Who's that n***a with the big black gat
That's lookin for the payback (lookin for the payback)
Still comin real it's the motherf*ckin bomb
P-Dog in the city that's (sh*tty) like Vietnam
But them mark a** n***as want it soft
Without ever understanding the plan to keep us fallin off
But you better recognize that it's war
Better recognize, black folk runnin out of time
But if you man enough jump n***a (jump n***a)
P-Dog got the pump in the trunk n***a
Better realize that it's much more to life
Than (f**kin), two new shoes, and hisidin
It's like tryin to put a size twelve foot
In a size eight shoe, it just won't do
So act like you knew, and let a real n***a come through
From a street soldier to you, now

"You can't see what I can see!" Hey, you can't see what I can see!

"You can't see what I can see!" But you don't ever

"You can't see what I can see!" Oooh, you can't see what I can see!

"You can't see what I can see!" Oooh! Noaoahhoooh!

"You can't see what I can see!" (4X)

[Singer]

Music will make things, turn alright
And I will dance til the broad daylight
Check the flow, let it build in me
Cause I know your heartbeat and I'm here to freak
Alright! ... Alright! ... Alright!
Alright

[Computer voice]

Aowww, this sounds familiar
Let me stick my nose in the mix
And see who do I smell, this time
Ahahahahaha!

[Verse 1]

Who is it? The mothaf**kin' D-O-G
Still spittin' game over tight-a** beats
Get the money 'cause the fame ain't nothin' to me
I be the tightest one servin' but it's never for free
I seen many die on these streets fo' sho'
Over money, wrong looks, cocaine, and ho
Where friendship blows in the wind like dust
See, they used to be yo homies but they ready to bust
You can't trust no man, but some might try
See them come, see them go, see them drop like fly
How many of them fail, just a few succeed
Where fantasy is real and what's real is a dream?
And I been in this game and I done dirt, too
Still down for the struggle but I can't be fooled
Every brother ain't a brother, ain't a damn thing new
Need to take your Million Man March a** to school
And tell

[Hook]

See it's the root of all evil, the story is told
And you never really know if they your friends or foes
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?
See it's the root of all evil, the story is told
And you never really know if they your friends or foes
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?

[Verse 2]

They say change is the only thing that stays the same
Take a look around and see how many remain
I'm a vet up in this here, still ten years deep
Gettin' cash, spittin' game over tight-a** beats
Everybody nowadays wanna come up quick
Young soldiers hit licks who can suck on d**ks
But dirt gun in the dark comes the light
Young n***a got AIDS 'cause the kitty was right
Now what you know, and what you see?
And where you from, and who you be?
'Cause everybody got skeletons in the cut

And peace to the homies in the pen locked up
I said, it's like a jungle sometimes, it made me wonder
How I keep from going under, who gone be the one the
Change things 'cause it seem ain't no hope
Scratch his name off the list if he come up short
And tell

[Hook]

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[Verse 3]

They say the world keep turnin' and life goes on
Some others start slippin' while some stay strong
The old pain goes away with the pa**age of time
P-Dog is on the mic, still spittin' the rhyme
And if you ask me, you know I couldn't be much help
Real n***as understand, gotta do for yourself
'Cause ain't nothin' comin' if you don't apply
And don't nobody really care if n***as' livin' or dyin'
I fold up them up like a crease, breeze through the weak fleas
On my sack gets scratched, now who's who in this rap game
Late pa** on my haters 'cause I still blitz them
Shoulda kept ya mouth shut 'cause you got it twisted
Real soldiers don't die, we just re-adjust
While some might try, they can't touch this
Street soldier with a capital S
P-Dog sayin', "F**k the rest!"
Tell me is it really real

[Hook]

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So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?
See it's the root of all evil, the story is told
And you never really know if they your friends or foes

So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?

[Hook]

See it's the root of all evil, the story is told
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So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?

[Outro]

See it's the root of all evil

[Verse 1]

Still in this b*t*h, ninety-eight is just another year
I murder money drama b*t*hes, that fall in piers
Comin' out the city where no pity be a way of life
When n***as quick to bust a cap in you to earn they stripes
Ain't nothin' changed in these West coast killin' fields
I seen so many homies die that I ain't got no feeling
So I handles mine, pack a strap and keep on strivin'
And quick to let these n***as if it get down to violent
Cause these haters ain't no friends to me, they make it plain
But I refuse to be a victim of these ghetto games
Break away from all the stress, bullsh*t and aggravation
And now I'm quick to blast if you want a confrontation
But it seem like every time I turn around it's drama
Hella flowers, coffee drinkin', and cryin' mama
Somethin' tellin' me this madness ain't gon' never stop
So I keep strivin' fo' the top

[Hook]

Now everything you think you seein' might not be the truth
Understand these cowards fold when these n***as shoot
Understand this rap sh*t is just another way
Just another lick where motherf**kers gettin' paid
It really ain't the same as it was in the past
Back when sh*t was new, n***as thought that it would last
Understand this rap game is just another front
Just another way for motherf**kers comin' up, and it's like that

[Verse 2]

So what's the ticket out the ghetto for these young players?
Slangin' dope, playin' ball or bein' rhyme sayers
They want the money fast, f**k school, that ain't what's happenin'
So some of them n***as got together and they started rappin'
And it would be like who the tightest on the microphone
Makin' demos in the basement of they mama's home
And 'fore you know it n***as got theyself a record deal
And now they makin' money, doin' what they love for real
Limousines, fast cash, and autographs
Groupie hoes after every show be workin' the staff
And magazines givi'n love cause they sh*t is best
Unless of course it's The Source and you from the West

Now mama's braggin' cause they baby's on the television
And they livin' every day like it's Thanksgiving
But you know, what they say if it sound too good to be true, it probably is
That's the music biz

[Hook]

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[Verse 3]

I'm twenty-eight and I've been in the game since eighty-six
World tours, cash money, and hella hits
Done seen these rap stars disappear like civil rights
And go from po' to rich to po' again, overnight
So many perils in this game if yo' team is faulty
That's why my lawyer keep these motherf**kin' devils off me
And freak b*t*hes be, quick to set you up by playin'
That pu**y game like, you the daddy or you rapin'
See dumb n***as get they money took, tryin' to be
That motherf**ker on the television out with Robin Leach
A couple of cars, hella clothes, and before you know it
That n***a to' back, hella broke with nothin' showin'
So here's a little game from a homey that's still playin'
The mo' sh*t you see a n***a with, the mo' he payin'
In this rap life, nothin' what it seem to be
I hope you motherf**kers feel me, that's reality

[Hook]

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[Hook]

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Understand this rap game is just another front
Just another way for motherf**kers comin' up, and it's like that